

## EL PASO HERALD

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## That Water Deadlock

STILL the water question hangs fire. It seems as if business men like the members of the city administration and the officers of the water company ought to be able to reach an agreement, when it is considered that the negotiations have been pending for a year and a half. The difference is over the amount of money the city shall retain out of the bond issue in order to make the improvements immediately necessary in the plant. The water company is inclined to be very independent about it, but the water company should not forget that it was mistaken about the ability to borrow an additional \$500,000 on the plant without involving the city's credit, and it is right that a spirit of cooperation should now prevail for the good of the community.

It is estimated that for \$76,600 the plant can be brought up to a high degree of efficiency to supply the city exclusively and abundantly with mesa water until the spring of 1912. We are now getting about 2,000,000 gallons daily from the mesa, and it will require doubling this supply in order to insure the exclusive mesa service through the next year and a half. The new expenditures required in order to make the mesa amply adequate and safe include eight new wells, an additional air compressor, a new 6,000,000 gallon pump (insuring duplication), condenser, boiler, piping, and new building. Another \$75,000 or so would go far to bring the system of mains up to standard, and would at least take care of work of pressing necessity. Probably \$150,000 or \$175,000 is about all the city or the company would wisely spend this year even if it were money in hand. If something like this amount were available it would be safe to go ahead, for inside of a year funds would become available from the operations of the plant, and moreover the city's borrowing power would have increased through the increase of value.

If therefore the water company will consent to take this much of the payment money in some form of obligation other than the city's bonds, part of the proceeds of the bonds can be used to build up the plant. The company is under no obligations to do this, and indeed it is not bound to sell at all, but on the other hand such a proposal is not unreasonable in view of the company's failure to make good on the additional plant bonding scheme, and it furnishes a fair basis for final settlement.

Further delay is sure to be costly to the city and likely to be disastrous. The plan of purchase has twice been ratified by the people at elections called for the purpose, and it does not appear that any good end can be served by holding up the negotiations any longer.

Let us have new bridges across the Rio Grande, but let them be built through the cooperation of the sister cities and the property owners interested, on a scale broad enough to guarantee suitable structures of reinforced concrete, not less than 70 feet wide, of graceful and artistic design, substantial, satisfying, and lasting. No half way measures. Better wait a while and do it right when we do it.

## Real Estate Activity

ANOTHER large real estate deal in city property is recorded today, land not at present in the heart of the city selling for \$13.50 per square foot excluding the building. A tract just across the street recently changed hands at an even better price, due to the fact that an individual wanted it for the particular purposes of his business.

While such important trades are being concluded in city property, valley land is also moving. As yet there is comparatively little buying by actual farmers for development, but considerable interest is shown in the speculative side of the market. Outside capital is being attracted to some extent, and it is fair to assume that the great work of land improvement, railroad building, and colonizing will be under way before very long.

El Paso capital for a year past has been tied up in business extensions and in public and private improvements. There has been little floating capital for investment, and for some time to come we shall have to depend on outside money for the general work of promotion. The very best argument we can use, however, to attract the interest of outside investors, is our own faith in our own projects and our own future, as best expressed through our heavy and continuous improvement operations and by business extensions. There is big work going on, and there is big work ahead.

According to the agent of one of the big steamship companies, incoming freights to Texas show an increase of 10 percent over a year ago. Texas is prosperous, and she is selling her products at good prices, hence can afford to buy more of the products of other sections. Large imports are a sign of imperfect domestic industrial organization, but they also indicate the possession of surplus wealth with which to trade.

## The National Integrity Involved

SENATOR BRISTOW'S charges against senator Aldrich fell very flat in the light of the Rhode Islander's explanation. The insurgents are not going to advance their cause by misrepresentation of fact and by indiscriminate abuse; no one taking the trouble to read the Aldrich statement can doubt its truth or the flimsy foundation of the Bristow charges. And The Herald is holding no brief for Aldrich, but in this case the attacks of one prominent senator upon the chairman of the senate finance committee, charging in effect that the framer of the tariff bill fixed schedules to line his own pockets at the expense of the public, is a reflection upon the American people and the American system of government.

Therefore the explanation by the accused senator possesses far more than personal interest. Bristow is a little wild eyed anyhow, and with all due respect to his splendid services as a prosecutor of grafters and a pursuer of wrong doers, he is not the only honest or able man in public life today.

Among the states soon to vote upon statewide prohibition are Florida and Washington. Florida is expected to defeat it. Prohibition sentiment is spreading in the northwest while it is apparently receding in the east and middle west.

There must be an awful thirst for honor when four gubernatorial candidates will spend a million and a half dollars trying to land an office that would pay \$8000 in two years.

## UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

YOU know how well Horatius the hosts of Lars defied, till the great Lord of Luta came with his stately stride. 'Twas he, the mighty Astur, who figured in the dope as being the exclusive and only white man's hope. "I'll knock that Roman's block off," he oft was heard to say, when he was busy training before that fateful day. And now the twain encountered above the Tiber's flood; Horatius soaked him roundly, and Astur's name was Mud. The dead game sports beheld him knocked enways through the ropes, and cried in bitter fury: "Do! dash all white men's hopes!" But when the mighty Astur had got his breath once more, had fixed his broken washbowl, and washed away the gore, he said to sporting writers: "That mix-up wasn't fair, for I was greatly worried; my mind was full of care. I couldn't sleep for thinking about the war and pain; the would afflict the people unless we soon had rain. Moreover, some one drugged me, and put me on the blink; Horatius ought to give me another chance, I think." But in the halls of music Horatius, man of power, was cutting five and drawing five hundred lire an hour.

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*Uncle Walt*

## AN IMPRESSION FROM OBERAMMERGAU The Herald's Daily Short Story

FROM Munich you ride to Oberammergau, through the English. I found this out as soon as I entered my compartment in the car. My friend Jack and I were the only two there who were not English. Jack is a splendid fellow. His manner was the most refined I ever saw. I am quite sure he says "Sir" to himself when thinking, and if you hand him a cigar, he carefully dusts it off before he lights it. He has a handkerchief in every pocket and if he does not wear a diamond pin in his tie he feels as if he were naked. He studies law and hopes to be admitted to the bar during the first half of this century, not later than 1949 anyway.

The country through which the train runs to Passauville is exceedingly beautiful, but I have one complaint to make against the railroad company. It does not get enough out of its rolling stock. In the baggage carriers above the seats and underneath, some several travelers might still find room. We really felt so lonely in our little compartment because there were only 12 people there and we were greatly relieved when at Munich five more passengers entered. I know now exactly how a flower feels when being pressed for herbarium.

At Oberammergau a man insisted on carrying our baggage, but I really could not allow it, he had more than enough to do in carrying his own hair. The hair and whiskers surpassed anything I ever saw.

Oberammergau is built in a most extraordinary manner. It consists of automobiles and wherever there happens to be a space between these there are houses. A house in Oberammergau is a number of spare beds separated by walls.

According to my idea the famous tower of Babel must have stood not in Babel, but in Oberammergau, to judge from the confusion of languages. People of all nationalities are stepping on each other's corns and even the most expert physiognomist cannot tell if one should say "Pardon me," or "Excuse me," or "Scuse, scuse." Everyone here has only one subject in life: to get a ticket for the Passion Play.

Jack thought the crowding very unfair and immoral, and was happy when we reached our lodgings.

In the next room a two-week-old baby was crying. He was the only native of Oberammergau who had not been assigned a part in the Passion Play, so it was no wonder he kept on crying all night at the thought of this.

Later in the evening we strolled through the streets. The moonlight was wonderful, but by an oversight it was not charged for on our bill. At the outskirts of the village we saw a man who was trying to drown himself in the brook, and when we

questioned him, he said he was the village barber and that he was starving. At 7:45 sharp next morning we arrived at the theater. In front of the entrance a lot of people in despair were waiting, and they had no tickets and were waiting to buy tickets from the hands of those who died from sunstroke. A couple of girls from Boston were crying because the play had already started, while a more unfortunate Yankee was calmly putting himself outside an incredible number of ham sandwiches.

In front of Jack was sitting a lady with an enormous hat. In his best English, German and French he asked her to remove it, but she did not understand him, for she was from Paris.

When the first part of the play was over, at noon, Jack was very much displeased with everything, but he cheered up a little during dinner though our meal was rather one of which a Second Avenue New York free lunch counter would have felt ashamed.

A few hundred more tourists had arrived. A German-American who had not been able to find any lodgings was camping on a pile of mail boxes and was telling the policeman in what he thought was his German mother tongue, "No I will nicht waggeln, ich will here ganze nicht schlafen."

Many envied him his position. A Philadelphia girl was running around snapping everything everybody who were long hair. Every time she pressed the button she said, "Amen."

Another American lady was giving it hot to her meek husband, who looked as if his home might be Brooklyn. I asked Jack if he did not want to buy a souvenir, but he only put on a mysterious smile and said: "I have thought of a scheme."

At 3 o'clock the theater was full again. Jack's seat was empty. It was a few minutes before the play started. Near me sat an old lady wearing a crazy quiff. Jack did not show up at all, but when I left the theater I saw him. He stood in the street holding a donkey.

"Which one of you is it?" I asked. "Don't try to be funny," he said. "I've bought it."

"What?" "Yes, and I only paid \$30 for it. I have already been offered twice that amount. It is the ass on which Anton Lang made his entry into Jerusalem."

Jack was radiant. "It has already got used to me," he said. "Small wonder, I replied, and left him."

My train left 10 minutes later, so I do not know how he planned to get the beast to New York, but you will probably hear of that later.

## LITTLE LOVE STORIES

No. 2 THE VASE By Mabel Herbert Urner

ONE of the finest pieces of Cloisonne in this collection! Irresistible Cloisonne with dragon decorations—and I am bid only \$8! Was the silver chalice of the emperor? Is worth twice that. Eight dollars, will you make it 10? A rare bit of Cloisonne! Will you bid 10? Ten dollars for the vase."

As the attendant held it up, she leaned forward eagerly. The coloring and shape were good; it would be cheap at \$20. She knew she could not afford it, already she had bought more than she had intended. But this vase was unusually good—she could not resist this one bid.

"Eight dollars only offered! Do you make it 10? Will you give 10?" "Ten!" But so timidly she said it that the auctioneer did not hear. "Ten!" she repeated, quite plainly this time. "Ten dollars, I have 10, will you make it 12?"

"Twelve!" The bid came in a clear, cold voice that she could not mistake. She glanced around quickly. Yes, Marie Vandivier was but a few seats away—bidding against her for this vase. She should not have it. Not if it took all that was in her purse. And just now it was watching with interest how Richard Ward—oh, no, she should not have it.

Frenzied Bidding.  
"Fourteen!" There was a note of defiance in her voice.  
"Fourteen bid, will you give 16?" "Sixteen!" promptly came from Miss Vandivier.

"Eighteen!" she cried as promptly. The bids soon exceeded the value of the vase. It was a wealthy and fashionable crowd that thronged Lamar-tine's Art Rooms for this sale, but it was a curious crowd also. And just now it was watching with interest these two young women bidding against each other with such bitterness. To many they were known personally.

"Twenty-five!" I have 25, will you make it 30?" The auctioneer was looking at her expectantly.  
"Forty!" She said it clearly, but her heart beat painfully. Fifty dollars was all that she had, all that she would have until her birthday—two long weeks.

"Forty-five!" Marie flashed back.  
"Fifty!" She bid it bravely—her last dollar. And now—what could she do now? Would she dare bid any more? How could she pay it?

She was vaguely conscious of some one standing behind her chair. She did not turn, her eyes never left the vase, but there was a subtle sense of a presence strangely disturbing.

"Fifty, 50 bid! Will you give 60?"

There was a pause. Every one was looking at Marie Vandivier. Her heart gave a glad bound. Marie Vandivier was hesitating. Her courage had fallen—she would not bid over \$25. "Sixty!" The bid came with a triumphant ring, the vase had been only to emphasize it.

He Bids Two Hundred.  
And then the wave of attention turned back to her. The crowd seemed like a great pendulum, swaying first toward Marie Vandivier and then back to her. At any other time she would have shrunk from the publicity, but now she was barely conscious of it; she thought only of the money, of the vase she must now bid or give up the vase to Marie Vandivier. No, no, she would not give it up! Her rings—she would sell them. With the birthday check her father always gave her she could buy them back. Visions of pawn shops flashed before her as she called:

"It was hardly more than a whisper, but so intense was the stillness that it was plainly heard."

"Eighty!" came Marie's voice. She could not bid any more—she dared not. For the first time she was conscious of the many eyes that were turned toward her. A crimson wave swept over her. She bit her lips to keep them from trembling.

"Eighty dollars, 80 I am bid. Will you make it 90?" "Two hundred!" It was a man's voice, clear and determined. There was a subdued rustle of excitement as everyone turned to look at the new bidder.

She caught her breath. Richard Ward's voice! It was he who had been standing behind her, and he was doing this for her—for her. Oh, the rush of joy that came with the thought! The vase was Marie Vandivier's for the moment—everything was forgotten except his nearness.

"Two hundred!" Two hundred is bid for the Cloisonne vase. Do you make it 210?"

There was a deep silence. The auctioneer was looking expectantly at Marie Vandivier, but his eyes were riveted on the catalog in his lap, and there was an angry flush in her cheeks.

The Vase is Sold.  
"Two hundred, 200 I am bid. Will you make it 210? Are you all through?" "Two hundred—going!" Sold to the gentleman!

Instantly the hall was filled with a buzz of comments. Two hundred dollars for a vase not worth 20! Who was he, this tall young man that made so reckless a bid? To the few who knew him and the girl by whom he was standing, it was a delightful bit of gossip.

"Antique Shilvan rug. Catalog No. 65."

But no one cared to bid against the man who gave \$200 for a small Cloisonne vase.

"It will make a good library rug!" he said, and his voice was full of tenderness—"for our library."

But she did not answer. She was looking down at the catalog. The warm color deepened in her face and neck.

"And the vase—I wonder where we shall put the vase?"

"We—we must take very good care of it," she murmured without looking up.

## BELIEF OF THE GERMAN KINGS IN THEIR DIVINE RIGHTS

VIII.—THE GERMAN ADVANCE.

By Frederic J. Haskin

BERLIN, Germany, Aug. 12.—After Napoleon was safely imprisoned at St. Helena and Europe was again at peace, the various German states devoted themselves to the task of rehabilitating their government. The princes tried to reorganize on the old basis of despotic rule; the people, permeated by the spirit of the French revolution, demanded the freedom of constitutional government. The natural confusion created by this revolution in political thought was greatly augmented by the petty jealousies of the various states, and by the great rivalry of Austria and Prussia for leadership in German affairs. From 1815 until 1866 the political condition of Germany was chaotic, but through the whole period the Prussian influence was steadily gaining ground.

The Rule of Metternich.  
Between 1815 and 1830 the demand of the people for free government was acknowledged by granting constitutions in the kingdoms of Saxony and Bavaria, and a few other small states. For awhile Frederick William III seemed inclined to grant a constitution for Prussia, but he did not go far enough to set up a number of provincial diets, which were by no means popular parliaments. Austria was then ruled by the austere

prince Metternich, a resolute foe of constitutionalism. But the kings and princes soon forgot the constitutions they had granted, and very little real change took place in the system of government in any of the German states—the princes were supreme and the people were nothing.

During this same period the general desire for German unity grew rapidly. Few Germans were satisfied with the loose confederation which included 29 states represented in the permanent diet sitting at Frankfurt-on-Main. This was organized after the congress at Vienna. In the act of confederation the 39 states agreed never to declare war against each other, or to form foreign alliances which would in any way prejudice the interests of a German state. But the rivalry of Austria and Prussia and the unwillingness of Bavaria and Wurtemberg did not permit the restoration of the empire.

Conditions Similar to Ours.  
In this era the affairs of the German states show a marked resemblance to the condition of the American states following the revolution and preceding the adoption of the constitution, when the 13 states consented to the articles

## Abe Martin



Th' church board met last night t' take action on th' resignation of Rev. Wiley Tanager an' argued for three hours over th' length of Jack Johnson's arm. Some fellers never mention their wives 'cept t' tell how they c'ok somethin'.

coffin and the smell that enveloped the neighborhood was something terrific. The Campbell Real Estate company has sold to Fred N. Pingree, lot 18 and the south half of lot 17 in block 251, Campbell's addition, for \$450 cash.

Col. Ritter is putting in a two inch artesian well pipe.

W. A. Hawkins has returned from Silver City.

J. A. Murdock returned today from New Mexico.

Mrs. W. H. Kingsbury and Mrs. Ely have returned from a visit to eastern Texas.

Maurice McKeligan left this morning on a 19 days' trip to Alpine.

H. L. Bentley, populist congressional nominee from this district, is at the residence of U. S. Hodgson and will probably make a number of speeches here.

The Santa Fe Brewing company has closed its doors on account of poor business.

The nights are becoming delightfully cool, and the people are making up for sleep lost during the hot spell.

The Sunday school class of Mrs. C. T. Rice entered for the last night at the residence of Mrs. Millard Patterson, on Missouri street.

Fred Wright is building a \$4000 brick residence on North Stanton street.

Metal market—silver 68 3-8; lead 270; copper 10 3-4; Mexican pesos, El Paso, 53, Juarez, 52.

## WITH The Exchanges

EDITOR IS ABLE.  
From Pittsburgh (Pa.) Gazette-Times.  
Anyway, there is some likelihood that hereafter the "Outlook" will have its football and prize fight news edited properly.

VOTERS SHOULD READ.  
From Deming (N. M.) Graphic.  
The El Paso Herald says: "A man who cannot read in some language a section of the constitution of the United States, should not be permitted to vote," and in part we agree with The Herald. Every voter should be able to read the constitution or some other article to be chosen by the judges of election, in full, in the English language. We have nothing to do here in America with any other language than the pure, English language. In this day no man should be allowed to vote at any time, or hold office, who cannot read and understand what he reads of the questions of the day.

A SOLOMON IS NEEDED.  
OUT OF GOVERNMENT HILL.  
This is to be the day of a Government Hill here. One neighbor borrowed a hen from another neighbor in the hilltop suburb. Later two eggs were borrowed from the same neighbor. Two eggs were returned the second day. As the borrowing neighbor owned no hens, the eggs were evidently laid by the borrowed hen. The question to be decided is whether the debt of the two eggs was paid when the two eggs were returned. The borrowed hen laid the eggs returned to the owner of the hen in the first place. If so, how will the neighbor be able to repay the two eggs when she does not own a hen?

## 14 Years Ago Today

A band of Gypsies arrived in the city this morning on their way to Guaymas, where they will work on a big plantation.

George Wallace has returned from Del Rio.

Juan del Rio Sanchez, aged 80, the occupant of a local near the Douglas school, died three days ago of dropsy.

The county undertaker was not notified until this morning, when he took a coffin out about the size of a child. When he got there the body was swollen about five times the size of the coffin.

"May I come over here by you?" She started and glanced up tremulously, he was taking a seat beside her.

"Certainly—I think you can see very good there."

It was such a foolish thing to say for the seat was almost behind a large oakwood cabinet. But she had said the only thing she could think of. Her heart was thumping violently and she rolled and unrolled her catalog to keep her hands from trembling.

"The coloring in that rug is good."

"Very." She had not even glanced at the rug, but that did not occur to her. Oh, if she could only think of something to say that she might meet him thing to make it easy for her. And it was to him that reparation was due. She had wronged him deeply—and now—

"Oh, I am sorry. I was unjust—cruelly unjust! And I—oh I have misused you!"

"Darling!" It was only a whisper, but she felt as though he had taken her in his arms. The tears were very near. She could not keep them back.

"Oh, say something—quick—anything to keep me from crying! Oh, I must not cry here!"

Planning Their Home.  
He leaned forward quickly. "Do you like that rug? Shall I bid on it? The design is rather unusual."

"Fifty-five dollars! Fifty-five I am bid. Does any one make it 60?"

"Sixty!" I have 60. Will you make it 65?"

But no one cared to bid against the man who gave \$200 for a small Cloisonne vase.

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"We—we must take very good care of it," she murmured without looking up.

## The Manicure Lady

ON WHISKY BATHS AND FADS OF THE WEALTHY

"IN spite of the hot weather," said the Manicure Lady, "there seems to be a lot of hot water in the city these days. George, I was reading this morning that they have captured Dr. Clippin, and Mister Rockefeller is now taking whisky baths, against the wishes of his son."

"Can you beat that, George? Imagine that dear good-for-nothing man turning on the whisky faucet and getting into a tub full of bourbon. Just think of him spilling a lot of perfectly good booze by getting it full of soap suds. I think it is a shame the way they throw away so much of the good stuff."

"It didn't say in the paper that he put soap in the whisky, did it?" asked the Head Barber. "Maybe, he just took his whisky bath straight. And say, kid, can you imagine the feelings of it when warm and friendly liquor when it went into cold storage through the pores of the king of Standard Oil? Just think how much more at home it would feel in the cozy stomach of a Broadway rouser. I gotta lot of friends which amuses themselves day and night taking whisky baths, but they don't take them in porcelain tubs. They take them informal, from cut glass."

"Millionaires—that is, very rich millionaires—has lots of queer ways of enjoying life and lots of fads," observed the Manicure Lady, as she murdered a fly that was trying to bite through her sleeves. "Honest to goodness, George, some of these days we will hear of a book wrote by some historian about fads of the wealthy, and it will go something like this:

"John D. Rockefeller, unlike the great Gladstone, did not chop down trees, because he isn't strong enough in the

arms, and besides, it takes money to sharpen axes. Instead, he rises early every morning and takes a daring dive into a pool of hard stuff known as whisky. After wallowing around luxuriously in the tub for a few hours, he rises and rubs himself down with a coarse towel."

"Andrew Carnegie, the man who starts life as a humble bookkeeper and is ending it by giving them away, very seldom goes fishing or swimming during the summer months. His favorite amusement is reading the life of Lauder, and this gives him great satisfaction, as it makes him feel generous by comparison. Every morning he takes a bath in a tub full of printers' ink and scrapes it off with a bookmark."

Exchange of Counterlets.  
"Theodore Roosevelt does not favor water for bathing purposes. Neither does he agree with Mr. Rockefeller that bathing in whisky is good for one, unless one happens to be like himself and has a very strong heart. When he arises in the morning he takes a little light exercise, such as reading his editorial in The Outlook, and then he plunges into a tub full of strong, black coffee, into which he sometimes sprinkles a dash of absinthe. Mr. Roosevelt claims that the grounds that settle in the bottom of the tub remind him of the beach at the ocean side, and insists that bathing in the coffee is great for the muscles and nerves. He never uses cream in his coffee baths, claiming that only mollycoddles are in need of that luxury."

"Well," said the Head Barber, "are you going to keep that stuff going all the forenoon? Are you wound up for the day?"

"I'm through," said the Manicure Lady. "I guess you like my humor about as much as I like your face, George."